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the variants being: Ruddiman, *rang*; Ruddiman, *burnist*; Bannatyne, *burnyst bright*.

Gower, though he knows the verbs *r(o)unge* and *gnaw*, as shown by *Conf. Am.* 2. 520:

> For evere on hem I rounge and gnawe,

prefers *chew* with reference to the bit (which he calls bridle). Thus, *Conf. Am.* 3. 1629:

> Betre is upon the bridel chiewe;

and 6. 929–30:

> —upon the bridel
> I chiewe.

Fairfax prefers the verb *eat*. Where Tasso writes (*Ger. Lib.* 10. 15),

> Fumar li vedi ed anelar nel corso,
> E tutto biancheggiar di spuma il morso,

Fairfax translates:

> The coursers pant and smoke with lukewarm sweat,
> And foaming cream, their iron mouthfuls eat.

Shakespeare, too, goes his own way (*Ven. and Adon.* 269):

> The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth.

In none of these, save possibly in Dryden, as quoted in the first foot-note, do we find any warrant for Spenser's *chide*.

Did the bit jingle, as well as the bridle? It would seem so, from Douglas' and Stanyhurst's translations. Skeat (on *Cant. Tales* A 170) explains

> And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel here
> Ginglen in a whistling wind—

as due to 'the habit of hanging small bells on the bridles and harness,' and this seems borne out by B 3984 and the other passages he quotes. Instances, indeed, occur as early as Greek times (Aristophanes, *Frogs* 963 (the amusing compound, κωδωνοφαλαροπώλους); Euripides, *Rhes.* 307. On the other hand, Gascoigne (1576) has rings in mind (*Complaint of Philomene: Steele Glas*, ed. Arber, p. 90; *Works*, ed. Hazlitt, 2. 223):

> And in hir left a snaffle Bit or brake,
> Bebost with gold, and many a gingling ring.

The ψάλιον, sometimes translated 'bit,' and by some considered to be a curb-chain, is interpreted by Daremberg and Saglio's *Dict. des Antiqq.*, as a cavisson. In any case, it produced a sound when the horse was in motion (Aristophanes, *Peace* 155: χρυσοχαλίνων πάταγον ψαλίων; Ælian, *Hist. Anim.* 6. 10: ψαλίων κρότον καὶ χαλινοῦ κτύπον. The *Dict. des Antiqq.* says (p. 1336): 'Il est facile, en effet, de comprendre qu'il devait retentir en heurtant les anneaux de la longe et les divers accessoires suspendus autour de la tête.'

SPENSER, *F. Q.* 1. Int. 3. 5.

Did Jonson, when writing (in 'Queen and huntress, chaste and fair')

> Lay thy bow of pearl apart,

have in mind Spenser's

> Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart?

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THE PLAYS OF PAUL HERVIEU.

M. Hervieu is the author of nine plays, which bear the following titles and dates of production:

Les Paroles restent, 1892.
Les Tenailles, 1895.
La Loi de l'homme, 1897.
La Course du flambeau, 1901.
L'Énigme, 1901.
Point de Lendemain, 1901.
Théroigne de Méricourt, 1902.
Le Dédale, 1903.
Le Réveil, 1905.

Point de Lendemain, though first produced before the *Cercle de l'union artistique* in 1890, was not given real publicity till 1901, when it was presented at the Odéon.

If we had only the first of these plays before us we might ascribe to the author an originality all his own, independent of any source, and indebted to his time only for the setting and subject of his drama. At the outset of his dramatic career the critics were unanimous in characterizing his talent as original and even singular, not to say unique. His success was heightened by the novelty of his subject. In *Les Paroles restent* he has made a

tragedy of which gossip is the mainspring and the hero. I know of no other play based so entirely on this motif, and I know of no author, in novel or in drama, who has been so successful in subordinating the element of love, which nearly all literature in these two genres teaches us to regard as the paramount human interest. Nay, I should except one surpassing genius, Balzac, who had the profaning power to substitute the god of money in the shrine of love. And let me assert here, though I find my opinion corroborated by no critic—indeed, French critics do not always trouble themselves about sources—that Balzac is beyond doubt one of the literary ancestors of Hervieu, in his realism of objective observation, no less than in his inability at times to suppress his own ego, in his characters moved each by some single dominant passion, even in his style, *qui choquait les habitudes prises*, and the merits of which were contested till the critics understood that a new message needed a new language, and recognition, at first withheld, was forced. Let me quote from the classic and reactionary Brunetière in his review of *Les Tenailles*[1]: "Il y a des défauts qui n'en sont plus dès qu'ils sont, je ne dis pas la rançon ou l'envers mais la condition de certaines qualités —et tel est bien le cas de ceux que l'on reprenait chez M. Paul Hervieu. Si l'on a pu s'y tromper jadis, nous ne craignons plus que l'on s'y méprenne après le succès des Tenailles, et nous nous en réjouissons pour l'auteur, mais encore plus pour nous, et pour l'art."

We need not be surprised to learn that charitable friends attempted to deter Hervieu from the dramatic career. They told him that his play, plunging as it does, *in medias res*, neglected the rule that *le théâtre est l'art des préparations*. They complained of his rudeness of attack and his too vigourous touch. "Ce style solide et contourné," says Larroumet,[2] "d'un relief métallique et coupant, paraissait à beaucoup le contraire d'un style de théâtre." We may rejoice to know that the author did not sacrifice his originality upon the altar of this well meaning but stupid friendship.

Les Paroles restent shows us a society of idlers, *blasés, ennuyés*, finding their chief interest in the *flirts* of the members of their set and in destroying if possible the reputation of the women concerned. One woman, Régine de Vesles, is *dépaysée* in this atmosphere of virulent gossip, but is unable to escape its poison. She moves along, unwitting, with her reputation in ruins about her. Nohan, indiscreet author of the scandal, atones by his remorse and love, and their passion, elevated by her nobleness and purified by suffering, is about to attain consummation when malicious gossip, envious of so chaste a union, destroys the lover's life. "Les paroles restent—et elles tuent" is the climax of the play.

I repeat, the play is original, it is even disturbing in its originality. We may imagine resemblances to other authors; thus Régine recalls Renée de Mauperin, the Comte de Ligueil might be a Don Ruy Gomez togged out in modern clothes; Lady Bristol is the typical English silhouette of French literature. But amid doubts certain features stand out clearly. The play is logical, it is lacking in *hors d'œuvre*, it is a play with a purpose, that purpose is a moral one, and in spite of the oddity of the subject that purpose is clear: it is a defense of marriage, or rather an attack upon conditions that mar the married state. We need not seek further for the immediate ancestry of Hervieu. Dumas *fils* is his parent, perhaps with a collateral descent from Augier, but Dumas *fils*, the initiator of the modern play, with its direct observation of life, its rapidity of dialogue, its logic and simplicity of means, lives again in Hervieu, and with a more complete reincarnation in that Hervieu adopts also the morality of purpose which Dumas had transmitted to no previous heir.

If any doubt remains it is dispelled by *Les Tenailles*. Never did Dumas advance a problem with more boldness or in clearer terms. With *Les Tenailles*, too, the manner of Hervieu, a little uncertain yet in *Les Paroles restent*, is fixed. In the latter play there are some accessory rôles, there is, as in Dumas, an effort to please. But in *Les Tenailles* we have the acme of restraint, of sobriety. There are only the actors indispensable to the plot. Five characters suffice for the discussion of a moral and social problem, for the tragic exposition of a duel between two wills.

[1] *Revue des deux mondes*, 1895, page 953.
[2] *Revue de Paris*, 1897, page 139.

This struggle between two wills, hedged in by the law, which is a fortress for one, a prison for the other, and exasperated on the one hand by selfishness, on the other by suffering, such is the theme of *Les Tenailles*, a theme which is to be repeated with variations, in *La Loi de l'homme* and *l'Énigme*. We face the problem in the opening speeches of the two women in the play.

Pauline. Enfin, qu'est-ce que tu reproches à ton mari ?

Irène, avec force. Je lui en veux de ne pas l'aimer.

It is a thunderbolt hurled at the legal violation of marriage, *à la Dumas fils* ; but the subtler nature of the problem bears witness to the passage of Bourget and the feminism of modern France, while the realism of the chief characters, dramatically foreshortened each to a single dominant passion, is stamped with the influence of Balzac and his successors. Fergan, with his passion for mastery and being always in the right, and Irène, with her enthusiasm for the ideal, represent the opposing poles of an irremediable incompatibility. It is but natural that she should find in another that happiness hitherto denied her, natural, too, that the consequences of this fatal union should wreck the lives of both in inevitable tragedy. I know of no more tragic climax than the end of *Les Tenailles*. Irène, to keep her son with her, confesses to Fergan that he is not the father of her child. The husband's pride is broken, he demands the divorce which he formerly refused to grant. But Irène in her turn refuses. "Je ne l'accepte plus. Ma jeunesse est passée, mes espérances sont abolies, mon avenir de femme est mort." "Alors, qu'est ce que vous voulez que je devienne, ainsi, face à face avec vous, toujours, toujours ? Quelle existence voulez-vous que je mène ?" "Nous sommes rivés au même boulet. Mettez-vous enfin à en sentir le poids et à le tirer aussi. Il y a assez longtemps que je le traîne toute seule."

I have said that the subject of *Les Tenailles* is also that of *La Loi de l'homme*. But it is here still more tragic and more painful. A woman, deceived by her husband, is unable to find in the law the means whereby to prove her grievance, though in a like case of fault on the part of the wife the husband would be amply protected. She must content herself with a separation *à l'amiable*, which leaves her her daughter but takes her fortune. The purpose of the play is to show the iniquity of the law, and it is well shown. The logic of the situation leads to an inevitable dénoûment and an equally inevitable *quod erat demonstrandum*. The faithless husband keeps his mistress ; the abandoned wife brings up her daughter. But the mistress has a son born in honourable wedlock, and during a visit of Isabelle to her father the two young people meet and love. To prevent this marriage, which appears to her in the light of an unnatural union and one which delivers her daughter into the hands of her enemies, Mme de Raguais reveals the infidelity of her spouse. D'Orcieu, the husband of the latter's mistress, after the first spasm of rage and despair, insists on saving appearances from the wreck of honour, and decrees that Mme de Raguais shall return to her consort, as he himself will continue to live with his faithless wife. Thus is the heroine doubly a victim, and must take up her heavy burden and bear it in agony and without resignation to the end. The triumph of the young lovers, rising flower-like from this morass of immorality, only serves by contrast to emphasize the ruin of their parents' happiness.

But so truly are we the children of our works, in literature as well as in character, that the episode which ends so dramatically *La Loi de l'homme* becomes the germ of the next play, to my mind the greatest the author has yet produced. The sacrifice of parents to children is the subject of *La Course du flambeau*. Here again Hervieu has distinguished himself, as in *Les Paroles restent*, by the originality of his theme, and by the power to maintain its interest at the expense of the ever-recurring topic of love. The reference of the title is to the λαμπαδηφορίαι of the Greeks, in which citizens in relays ran and transmitted one to the other a torch kindled at the altar of the divinity whose feast they celebrated. "Chaque concurrent courait, sans un regard en arrière, n'ayant pour but que de préserver la flamme qu'il allait pourtant remettre aussitôt à un autre. Et alors dessaisi, arrêté, ne voyant plus qu'au loin la fuite de l'étoilement sacré il l'escortait, du moins, par les yeux, de toute son anxiété impuissante, de

tous ses vœux superflus. On a reconnu dans cette Course du flambeau l'image même des générations de la vie." But Hervieu is impartial. This is evidently his own view, but he shows us the reverse of the medal in the reply of Sabine to the speech just quoted: "Je ne conçois pas ainsi les relations de famille. À mon point de vue recevoir la vie engage autant que la donner . . . . Puisque la nature n'a pas permis aux enfants de se fabriquer tout seuls, je dis, moi, qu'elle a donc eu l'intention de leur imposer une dette envers ceux qui les mettent au monde." These views form the motives for action of the principal characters of the play, who are more numerous than usual with Hervieu. Mme Fontenais's thought is all for Sabine, Sabine's for Marie-Jeanne, Marie-Jeanne's for her husband; childless as she is, he is to her *et mari et enfant.* At the supreme moment of choice Sabine kills her mother for her child, who in turn abandons her without hesitation. There is something of the fatalism of the old Greek play about this piece, yet not the fate predestined by the gods, external and superior to humanity, but a fate inherent in human nature, and all the more terrible in that it does not relieve its victims of responsibility. The subject is simply treated, logically developed toward the final catastrophe; nothing is superfluous, though the number of interests involved has led to greater length than usual. There is in this play *un grand souffle de tragédie* which sweeps everything before it, even our preconceived notions of the duties of parents and children, and leaves us convinced, for the moment at least, of the truth of the author's thesis.

While *La Course du flambeau* is long and somewhat difficult of analysis, *L'Énigme* is the very essence of brevity and conciseness. There are but two acts, the plot is extremely simple, the style clear-cut and devoid of ornament. The play opens in the hunting-lodge of the two brothers Raymond and Gérard de Gourgiran, where they are sojourning with their wives, Giselle and Léonore, the Marquis de Neste, their cousin, and Vivarce, a friend. Neste, left alone with Vivarce, shows him that he is aware of the latter's intrigue with one of the wives, which one, he does not know. They are alike in manner, calm and undisturbed. Their husbands are equally serene in their conjugal bliss, in which, however, there is little of the ideal, their natures being rather coarse than subtle, characterized by a devotion to sport and to the careless, frivolous life which their social position makes possible. Vivarce denies at first, but to no purpose. Neste seeks to dissuade him from continuing the intrigue. But it is not a commonplace *liaison*; it is a *grande passion.*

A general conversation later in the evening, *à propos* of a *fait divers* in the newspaper, reveals to us the views on the violation of marriage of the different actors in this drama. Raymond thinks that deception deserves death; his sense of property seems the dominant trait in his character, and he would slay the thief of his wife's affection as he would the poacher trespassing on his preserves. Giselle and Léonore think the punishment too severe. Gérard would spare the erring wife but slay the traitor. Vivarce agrees with him. Neste preaches forgiveness of human frailty.

Subsequently, Vivarce is discovered and suicides. Léonore, whose lover he was, betrays herself by her emotion. Gérard is true to his theory. "Je ne te tuerai pas! . . . Je ne te chasse pas non plus. Je te garde pour te forcer à vivre!" Can we say that the deeper enigma is solved when Gérard declares that "Ce sont les hommes de notre espèce qui, à travers les temps, assurent le règne du mariage, en veillant sur lui, les armes à la main, comme sur une majesté," and when Neste in the closing words of the play retorts: "C'est par nous autres, amis fervents et respectueux de la vie, c'est par nous, pécheurs, qui, dans la créature, soutenons notre sœur de faiblesse, c'est par nous que finira pourtant le règne de Caïn"?

Point de Lendemain, really his first play, though little known until its production at the Odéon in 1901, is a dainty episode of gallantry. Though scarcely more than a literary trifle it is interesting and important as showing very clearly the influence of Bourget.

Théroigne de Méricourt is difficult of analysis, with its complex historical tableaux of the Revolution. It shows the misinterpretation by the mob of the lofty ideals of reform. I am not so sure of the classification of this drama. Hervieu has been eclectic; one is reminded in turn of Hugo's *Cromwell*, of *L'Aiglon*, of *le Théâtre libre*, and it may be that in the crucible of his magic talent

these and other dramatic elements have been fused into a new variety. The technic of the stage is so important in this play that one would need to see it acted in order to form an intelligent criticism. It is a work *à part.*

No such doubt arises in considering his 1903 production, *Le Dédale.* He returns again to Dumas *fils* and his dramatic evolution is accentuated anew. The title is well chosen. The Cretan labyrinth wrought by Dædalus, the cunning artificer, was not more difficult to trace than the psychic mazes whose involutions we here thread under the artist's guidance, nor did the youths and maidens, Attica's tribute, look with greater horror on the bull-headed monster to whom they were sacrificed than do these victims of their self-wrought fate upon the dread phantoms their frenzied consciences conjure up. Hervieu's "Labyrinth" is a puzzle made of the delicate interrelations of men and women in the world to-day, and his Minotaur is Divorce.

The elements of the problem are simple: their arrangement is the *impasse.* Max de Pogis and his wife, Marianne, are divorced because of an infidelity of the former, committed in a moment of caprice through no weakening of love for his wife. The latter, though her happiness lies in ruins about her, lives on for the sake of her child, sustained by pride and by the friendship of Guillaume Le Breuil, a man who comes to love her truly, purely, to give her his whole life, and eventually to win her hand through friendship, pity, and also because she must save her reputation in the eyes of the world, which has begun to couple her name with his. The pain of her first love is deadened; in respect for her new husband and love for her boy she finds a semblance of peace, which, however, is rudely disturbed by the reappearance on the scene of Max de Pogis, who sets up a claim to a share in the education and guardianship of their son. The woman for whom he had deserted his wife is dead, and the child is now to him, as to her, the only real interest. Meeting at the bedside of the little Pierre during a dangerous illness, the old love blossoms anew. Marianne discovers that Max has always loved her and he wins her back to his arms. She cannot now go back to her loyal second husband; that would be a double degradation. She cannot divorce him and re-marry her first husband—that is contrary to the law of France. Guillaume learns the situation, and, though heart-broken, consents to renounce Marianne if Max will do likewise, but the latter refuses, knowing that she loves him. Marianne determines to reject both and to live on for her child, but De Pogis comes to persuade her to leave France with him. He meets Le Breuil; a quarrel and struggle ensue, at the end of which the second husband drags the first over a precipice into a whirlpool beneath in which both meet their death.

The climax has been criticised as melodramatic, but it evolves naturally from the intense jealousy of the two lovers and from the determination of the first husband not to give up his wife, knowing that he is loved by her. It is a fitting end to the play, but not by any means a solution of its problems. For these indeed we feel that there can be none.

There is a sub-plot and counterpart to the story of Max and Marianne in the domestic affairs of the Saint-Érics, whose course touches the main plot sufficiently to be not merely episodic, but an integral part thereof. Here it is the wife who is fickle. She is brought to her senses by the death of her child, a victim of the same epidemic of diphtheria which so nearly carries off the little Pierre de Pogis. She is utterly broken, but the great heart of Marianne, though bearing bitter burdens, has yet room for comfort and sympathy for her friend. The frail, frivolous black figure in the arms of Marianne is shaken by a great gust of tragedy.

In point of art, the stark simplicity and grandeur of Æschylus or Sophocles are equalled here. In point of human interest, Greek tragedy with its externally intervening fate, blind, undeserved, seems pale and trivial beside this tragedy from within, this drama of responsibility more dread than an Erinnys, resulting in a hell on earth compared to which the fields of Asphodel were paradise.

Have we not here, too, one of the essential differences between antiquity and the Christian era? The gay and sensuous life of Greece and Rome may not now be lived with impunity, because we feel that the joys and sorrows of this life are not

caprices of the gods, the one great gift of Deity being the choice and the opportunity to make or mar our fates.

Though in this play we tread with Hervieu upon pestilential ground there rises lily-like from its bosom the flower of the sanctity of marriage. This is the lesson he inculcates, though to do so, instead of holding up a good example, he seeks to deter us by showing us an evil one. In spite of an almost perfect art Hervieu is no apostle of art for art's sake; he instructs as well as pleases; a moralist, continuing the tradition of his literary ancestor, Dumas *fils*, he makes of the stage a pulpit whence he addresses the congregation of the world.

Le Réveil is, as its title indicates, an awakening, the awakening to duty—or shall we say to necessity?—of a pair who for a moment believed they might forget the world and break loose from all the complex bonds fettering them to their respective spheres and enjoy the fruition of an ideal love at the expense of a family and, on his side, of a nation. Thérèse de Mégée, though married and herself the mother of a marriageable daughter, has never known love. It comes to her in the guise of a young prince of a Balkan state, whose family has been banished as the result of a revolution. The father of Prince Jean hopes to restore not himself but his son to the throne, and has made all arrangements for the necessary political upheaval, in which Jean is to lead. He refuses, preferring Thérèse. Touched by the sacrifice, and her resistance beaten down by his pleadings, she is ready to give herself to him. A clandestine meeting is arranged. But the old Prince Grégoire discovers the lovers, separates them by violence, and allowing Thérèse to believe that Jean is dead, he sends her home to her family. The suffering of this followed by the comforting care of her husband reawakens her to a sense of duty. She realizes as if for the first time the devotion of her husband and the disgrace she was about to bring upon him and their child. It becomes necessary in the interests of the latter to attend that very evening a dinner at the house of her prospective parents-in-law. Thérèse, after a struggle, rises to the occasion, and as she appears in her drawing-room in evening attire, Jean who has finally escaped from the custody of his father, enters. "Vous m'avez cru mort, et vous vous faisiez belle!" he cries. "Vous n'avez pas assisté à mon calvaire," she replies. Both realize that a happy consummation of their love is impossible and both yield to the fate of circumstances.

In this most recent play Hervieu attained a new triumph, both in the applause of the public and in that of the critics, though a few of the latter (M. Emmanuel Arène, in the *Figaro*, M. François de Nion in the *Écho de Paris*, M. Émile Faguet in the *Débats*), from a truly French point of view, regret the subordination of psychology to action.

I have already indicated some of the sources from which I consider Hervieu to derive. But his talent is too complex thus summarily to be dismissed. Throughout his works, novels as well as dramas, we see the evidences of an erudition which modesty only partially conceals. One is sure that he has carefully studied not only the great masters of seventeenth century France, but also that antiquity from which they drew their early inspiration. His dramatic style may truly be called classic, in its purity and simplicity as well as in its geometric logic of construction. In his novels, such as *Flirt*, *L'Exorcisée*, *L'Armature*, his solidity is disguised by a mystic subtlety of analysis which belongs at once to the psychologist and to the symbolist, recalls Bourget and Maeterlinck. But the drama, compelling brevity and clearness, has caused the author to abandon all oddity of phrase. By his irony and the tenderness we feel beneath it, by his voluntary logic and his mastery of the stage he places himself in the direct line of descent from the elder Corneille, with whose situations, indeed, his own are sometimes strikingly parallel. His plays do not present merely individual adventures, but such as have far-reaching social significance.

We may, I think, divide his dramas roughly into two groups: the first, in direct continuation of Dumas *fils*, consisting of *Les Tenailles*, *La Loi de l'homme*, *L'Énigme*, and *Le Dédale*, whose manifest purpose is a general defence of the rights of woman; and the second, more original in subject, but perhaps less so in style, whose motif is the fatality which disengages itself from environment, comprising *Les Paroles restent* and *La Course du flambeau*. Atypical forms, representing at-

tempts along lines later abandoned, are *Point de Lendemain* and *Théroigne de Méricourt*, while *Le Réveil* seems a vigorous fusion of his two main dramatic doctrines, the sanctity of marriage and the fate which is circumstance.

M. Hervieu is still in the forties and he has attained already, in novel and in drama, a sure and honorable position in the history of French literature. Though it is too soon to risk a final judgment, we feel that his plays will live, because they represent, above and beyond their local and temporal atmosphere, general characters and universal problems whose importance is as lasting as the human race itself.

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NOTES ON THE SPANISH DRAMA.

THE CASE OF CALDERON'S *La Vida es Sueño*. THE CLOAK EPISODE IN LOPE'S *El Honrado Hermano*. WAS TIRSO ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF *El Caballero de Olmedo?*

Life is a dream was first published by the author's brother, Joseph, in the *Primera parte de comedias de don Pedro Calderon de la Barca* . . . 1636; the approbation was signed November 6, 1635. The editor says in the dedicatory preface that he published the collection, not so much because of the "*gusto de verlas impressas, como el pesar de aver visto impressas algunas dellas antes de aora por hallarlas todas erradas, mal corregidas, y muchas que no son suyas en su nombre, y otras que lo son en el ageno* . . ." There is no record of any edition whatsoever of *La vida es sueño* prior to 1636.

Hartzenbusch saw in Lope de Vega's *El Castigo sin Venganza*, licensed 1634, a reference to Calderon's play; the passage is as follows,—quoted from the manuscript noted below:

> "Bien dicen que *nuestra vida*
> *Es sueño*, y que toda es sueño,
> Pues que no solo dormidos,
> Pero aun estando despiertos,
> Cosas imagina un hombre . . ."

But it may be observed: firstly, the autograph copy of *El Castigo sin Venganza* in the Ticknor Library is dated August 1, 1631; secondly, the expression, *dicen que nuestra vida es sueño*, is much too vague to be a specific reference to a contemporary play which must have been recognized at once as a masterpiece. Had Lope intended an allusion to his rival's comedia, he would have accompanied his remarks with words of ironical congratulation or of blunt reproach. He would not have said "dicen," nor enlarged upon the philosophical content of the thought that life is such stuff as dreams are made of, if that thought had just been illustrated so tangibly by Calderon. The concept was, in sooth, a commonplace long before *La vida es sueño* was written. Two centuries earlier the translator of the so-called *Libro de los Gatos* had said: "*Mas si los hommes pensasen en este mondo que cosa es, e commo non es otra cosa sinon sueño.*"[1] The same thought may be contained in Hurtado de la Vera's *Comedia intitulada d'el sueño d'el Mundo*, 1572. Parallel expressions are found in the several versions of the Duke of Burgundy anecdote, which in varied form is the basic element of Calderon's main plot. In Luis Vives' version reference is made to the *vitæ somnium*. Rojas, in his *Viage entretenido*, says, *veis aquí, amigo, lo que es el mundo, todo es un sueño*, and in the same author's play, *El natural desdichado*, in which the Duke of Burgundy anecdote was first dramatized in Spain, occur the lines:

> "¿Veis aquí lo que es el mundo?
> Todo, amigos, es un sueño."

Finally, to cite only one non-peninsular use of the expression, the Pomeranian, Ludwig Halle, in 1605, published a dramatization of the same episode, entitled: "*Somnium Vitæ Humanæ das ist: Ein Newes Spiel darin aus einer lustigen Geschicht von Philippo Bono* . . . *Gleich in einem Spiegel gezeiget wird das vnser zeitlichs Leben mit all seiner Herrlichkeit nur ein nichtiger vnd betrueglicher Traum sey* . . ." But what is even more to the point, Lope in his *Barlán y Josafá*, dated 1611, when Calderon was eleven years of age, used very similar words:

> "Dejé un perpétuo desvelo,
> Dejé un sueño de la vida
> Dejé una imágen fingida
> Idolatrada del suelo . . ."

[1] *Enxemplo* xxxviii.